

## PEOPLE AND EVENTS

### IN ALASKA'S INTERIOR.

Only Two Seasons There—Festive Insects Numerous.

In the vast and almost unknown interior of Alaska, far beyond the influence of the "Kuro Siwo," the climate is arctic in the fullest sense of the word. There are only two seasons here—winter and summer. The winter is of eight months' duration, dry and, excepting certain restricted localities, entirely free from wind. The temperature descends as low as 80 degrees below zero (upon rare occasions even 90 degrees has been reached), with a mean of perhaps 40 degrees below. Ice forms in the rivers and lakes to a thickness of eight feet and more.

Summer extends over a period of four months. During its earliest month high winds prevail, greatly assisting in the dissipation of snow and ice, but rendering this time extremely disagreeable. The balance of this short season is mild and the temperature pleasant, rarely exceeding 86 degrees. The snow and rain annually precipitated is about 12.9 inches.

The hapless resident in this inhospitable section is afforded no relief after his long winter's fight for the unity of soul and body by the advent of this otherwise agreeable period, for, with the first tempered breeze, comes countless legions of mosquitoes, black flies and various stinging insects besides, while agonizing assiduity and ghoulish appetite preclude the enjoyment of the briefest moment. Whence comes the abnormal instinct, says a writer in the Era Magazine, that marks man at first sight for their prey—considering the fact that their ancestry, back to protoplasm, had no knowledge of his being—is an interesting problem best left for entomologists to determine.

### To Cultivate Rubber.

The Los Andes Rubber, Lumber and Fruit company of Guatemala and New Orleans has gone into business. Men will be down in the rubber country in the next few days, and the work of the company will go forward at once. The officers of the company are all New Orleans men. The company has been incorporated under the laws of Louisiana. The idea is to handle rubber on a large scale, and to manufacture the raw product here. The plans contemplate the establishment of a factory in America in which all kinds of rubber goods will be made. The company has several valuable concessions, and is sending Americans down to the countries in Central America to look at the lands and to start the work of development.

### Empress Losee Her Power.

Dowager Empress Marie Dagmar of Russia, who, it is said, has lost all of her once potent influence over the young czar, spends much of her time at the court of her father, King Christian IX. of Denmark. The empress was formerly called the Princess Dagmar, and during her reign in Russia was regarded as the "best dressed woman in Europe." She was also one of the prettiest German in blood, "h



**RUSSIA'S DOWAGER EMPRESS.** Empress is said to dislike everything German. Bismarck she particularly hated. This bright woman, like everybody who goes to live in Russia, was rapidly converted into a Russian and is today intensely interested in the destiny of the country over which she has long since lost her last vestige of power.

### Electricity Instead of Fuel.

The people of Davos, Switzerland, propose to dispense with fuel of every description and to resort to electricity for all industrial and domestic purposes. Already electricity is extensively employed for cooking, heating and lighting in several villas, while one of the largest bakeries in the district is electrically equipped in every respect.

## IN THE ODD CORNER.

### QUEER AND CURIOUS THINGS AND EVENTS.

An Island in the Gulf of Mexico, Which Like a Chameleon, Changes Color, and as Often as Twice a Day—Queer Bread.

### THE SPLENDOR FALLS.

The splendor falls on castle walls  
And snowy summits old in story;  
The long light shakes across the lakes  
And the wild cataraet leaps in glory.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
Blow, bugle, answer echoes dying, dying dying.

O hark! O hark! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
O sweet and far from cliff and scar  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!

Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying;  
Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying dying.

O love, they lie in yon rich sky,  
They faint on hill or field or river;  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow forever and forever.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer, echoes answer dying, dying, dying.  
—Alfred Tennyson.

### METHOD OF KILLING TIME.

"You might think a traveling man's time was fully occupied," said a drummer recently, "but there are occasions when he feels the need of relaxation and, although theaters are well in their way, they occasionally pall. I was in Boston last week, and a man put me onto something new. The idea is like this. It won't work in a town where you're acquainted, but say you are in a strange place. It has its exciting elements. You go out of your hotel in the evening, either alone or with a man who is equally ignorant of localities, and you walk two blocks in any direction. Then you halt and toss a cent. Heads, you turn to the right; tails, you turn to the left. The next two blocks, you repeat the tossing up, and follow the indicator. So you keep on until you have twisted and turned all over the town. For variety there is nothing to equal it; it brings you into the strangest quarters, and you see sights that you would otherwise miss. Of course, there is a chance that you will double on your tracks, and come back to where you started, but in that case it is allowable to cheat, or take another toss-up. Try it some time when you are in a strange town and you will have more fun than a cat fight."

### A STRANGE ISLAND.

One of the most extraordinary islands of the world has been found in the Gulf of Mexico. Like a chameleon, it changes color, and as often as twice a day. When the sand along the beach is not covered with water the island is purple red and at high tide it has the color of bright gold. An explanation of this singular phenomenon is to be found in the name of the island. It is called Snails Island, and it is the snails which are responsible for the change of color. The sand is of a golden hue, and when the water rises and spreads over the wide bay, which is strewn with mussel shells, the island glitters like gold. As soon, however, as the water recedes the gold changes to a purple red, which becomes even darker, until it is finally as dark as the purple of a prince's mantle. The reason is because myriads of little purple snails are then spread over the sand, searching eagerly for the food which is cast up to them by the water. This strange change of color is now attracting much attention, and those who have seen it say it is one of the most remarkable sights in the world.

### WOMEN SMOKERS IN EUROPE.

In the most exclusive circles of French society nowadays smoking has become a fixed habit with nearly all women between 23 and 40. In Paris a woman of fashion no longer apologizes to her guests for lighting a cigarette after dinner, and even as an accompaniment to 5 o'clock tea a golden tipped Egyptian cigarette is frequently indulged in by fair Parisiennes. Russian ladies who inhabit the capital are largely responsible for the growing taste for tobacco among the grand dames of Paris. In Germany feminine emancipation is not sufficiently advanced to make the practice of smoking among ladies very prevalent. In certain circles and the smart restaurants, however, many women may be seen with cigarettes and even cigars. Among the middle and working classes it is safe to say that scarcely a woman would think of smoking except for fun. Berlin women who go in for speculation invariably smoke cigarettes. The habit has not yet obtained much of a foothold in England.

**QUEER FIRE REGULATION.** They have some queer fire regula-

tions in Germany. Ex-Senator Mitchell of Wisconsin, says a Berlin correspondent, had a funny experience in an apartment where he was spending last winter. Something caught fire in his rooms early in the morning, and the servants rushed out and gave the alarm. In the meantime the senator was awakened, and, organizing a shirt tail brigade of the members of his family, he extinguished the flames with bowls and pitchers of water from the bathroom. When the firemen arrived the family was sitting around calmly talking it over, but the police were determined to march them off to jail for interfering with the fire department. After the alarm was given they should have locked their doors and left the house, placing the entire responsibility upon the fire department. It was unlawful for them to do anything toward putting it out.

### THIS MICROBE-RIDDEN WORLD.

To the bacteriologist nothing is sacred. In his positive greed for a new scare he will ransack the secret recesses of my lady's wardrobe, attack Herr Baby's feeding bottle, ruthlessly create a panic in the pantry, and even destroy one's faith in sealed vessels. Casting about to find some fresh lair of his beloved bacillus, he would fling over the headgear of beauty herself a microbe shadow, so to say. He would have us believe that the ubiquitous germ lingers in the material of which our dainty hats are composed, and, furthermore, that the very jeweled hatpins wherewith we secure them to our coiffures become coated with tiny organisms, which are thus conveyed to lips and throats. It is surely a rather ridiculous suggestion, which hat manufacturers treat with contempt. Really, if we were as microbe-ridden as all this, life would soon not be worth living.

### Horse Chestnut as Food.

Horse chestnuts contain about 27 per cent of albumen, this remarkable proportion being greater than is found in any cultivated plants, but their bitter taste, due to the presence of about 10 per cent of bitter resin, has condemned them as unfit for food. By extracting the bitter principle, R. Flügge of Hanover, claims to have made useful another waste material. After partial roasting to loosen the shells, the kernels are removed and pulverized, the powder is placed in a tight percolator with alcohol for about a week. To extract the bitter completely it may be necessary to replace the fluid with fresh solvent. The alcohol dissolves out the resin, leaving a pleasant and nutritious meal, which contains all the albumen and starch of the chestnuts, and is a valuable food. The spirit is purified by distillation and used repeatedly.

### A Very Remarkable Clock.

To the list of remarkable clocks in the world that just completed by a Bohemian in Chicago, who has been at work on it for nineteen years, will have to be added. It is more than eighteen feet high and is fifteen feet square at the base. A miniature earth circles around the dial and turns on its axis every twenty-four hours, while the sun, moon, Venus, Mars, Saturn and other planets are represented in their proper relative places. When the clock strikes a door opens and a procession of all the presidents of the United States issues, followed by figures which symbolize the growth of the republic. The inventor has kept his work a secret all these years, and even now refuses to sell it or allow it to be exhibited.

### Queer Kinds of Bread.

Bread is made of vastly different materials in different countries. In Lapland, oats with the inner bark of the pine are used. The two together, well ground and mixed, are made into large flat cakes and cooked in a pan over the fire. In Kamchatka, in Asiatic Russia, pine or birch bark by itself, well macerated, pounded, and baked, frequently constitutes the whole of the native bread food. The Icelanders scrape the Iceland moss off the rocks and grind it into fine flour, which serves both for bread and puddings. In parts of Italy chestnuts are cooked, ground into meal, and used for making bread. Durra, a variety of millet, is much used in India, Egypt, Arabia and Asia Minor for making bread.

### A Telephone Mistake.

Telephone mistakes have their serious side. A man who wished to communicate with another, named Williams, looked in the directory and then called up a number "south." Presently there came through the receiver a soft feminine voice "Hello," and he said: "Who is that?" "This is Mrs. Williams." "Have you any idea where your husband is?" He couldn't understand why she rung off so sharply until he looked in the book again and discovered that he had called up the residence of a widow.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

It takes as much grace to give as it does to receive a reproof in the right spirit.

## THE TIME TO LAUGH.

### SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

We Got the Job—A Desperate Man—Wise Precaution—Cause for Action in Incorrect Diagnosis—Funnygraphs—Sympathetic Souls.

### FUNNYGRAPHS.

Tody—"Jennie tells me young Woodby proposed to her last night." Viola—"I don't think I know him. Is he well off?" Tody—"He certainly is. She refused him."

Mrs. De Blinks—"No, sir; you can not have my daughter with my consent. I detest you and I wish I could think of some way to make you miserable." Mr. Hicks—"Well, then, why not become my mother-in-law?"

An insignificant little pin in a woman's belt often disturbs a man's mental poise.

"My dear, are you feeling any better?" asked her fond mother. "I dunno," replied Dolly. "Is the jelly all gone?" "Yes, dear." "Well, I think I am well enough to get up now."

Stern Parent—"Are you sure that you can support a family?" His Daughter's Lover—"Well—er—you see, I wasn't making any calculations on that just yet. I only want the girl, you know."

The youthful lawyer's profession is usually better than his practice.

The Bachelor—"But you should remember the old maxim, 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure.'" The Benedic—"Oh, a man doesn't have any leisure when he's married."

### INCORRECT DIAGNOSIS.

He posed as a fortune-teller and mind-reader, and when he was arrested and taken into a New York court for posting handbills on the street, he explained his vocation to the presiding judge.

"And so you are a mind-reader," said the interpreter of the law. "I wonder if you can read my mind."

"Oh, yes," replied the prisoner, apparently believing that a "bluff" would serve his cause as well as anything. "You are of a bright and cheerful disposition. And I can see by the merry twinkle in your mind that you are about to tell me to go home."

"Your diagnosis is not correct," said the judge. "I was merely meditating whether I should make the fine five dollars or ten dollars. I think we will call it five dollars this time."

### A DESPERATE MAN.

"No, Gladys McGoogle," he said in his deep and earnest voice, "life without you would be of little use to me."

"Do you mean that you would take the suicide route to escape it?" the fair girl murmured.

"Yes," he answered; "you have guessed it."

"Revolver or rope?"

"Neither."

"Gas, then, or poison?"

He shook his auburn locks and smiled at her baffled air.

"What then would you do?"

"Gladys," he slowly answered, "if you refuse my love I will take no chances of failure. I have determined to let a malarious mosquito bite me."

That fetched her.

### HE GOT THE JOB.

Grocer (to applicant for situation)—Are you fond of work?

Boy—No, sir, I ain't.

Grocer—Well, you'd better get on home again. I want a boy that is.

Boy—There ain't none.

Grocer—Yes, there are—heaps. I've had any amount here this morning.

Boy (doggedly)—How did you know they were?

Grocer—They told me so.

Boy—H'm, so would I if I was as fond of lyin' as they is—but I ain't.

### CAUSE FOR ACTION.



Rowland—"Why did you nearly kill the manager, me lud?"

Roxey—"Gadzooks! He wanted me to play in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

Rowland—"Then you consider the play beneath your talent?"

Roxey—"No; it was the character. He wanted me to don a skin and be a bloodhound."

### CHANGED HER MIND.

The house was "handy to the street-car line" and in good repair, there were the proper number of closets, and the rental was reasonable, but before coming to terms the house-hunting matron said to the agent:

"It is only fair for me to tell you that we have five boys."

"That won't make any difference, ma'am," he said, with a smile. "You will find big families of boys on both sides of you."

"Oh, then, I don't want the house at all!" she exclaimed. "I want to find a neighborhood where there won't be any boys but mine."

At last accounts she was still hunting.

### SYMPATHETIC SOULS.

Edith—I hear that you and Fred are quite interested in one another.

Bertha—Don't you tell a soul, Edith, but really I believe Fred and I were made for each other. We have played golf together three times and we never have quarreled—except two or three times when Fred was clearing up the wrong.

### WISE PRECAUTION.



"Say, mister, you look like a big-hearted man; can't you help a poor guy a little?"

"That's just the trouble, my friend. The doctor says I have enlargement of the heart very bad and any further strain on it may prove immediately fatal."

### LITTLE LAUGHS.

#### An Explanation.

Maudie—"I'm so glad to see that your health has greatly improved."

Clara—"Thank you. My rapid recovery was due to this engagement ring."

Maudie—"Indeed! From whom did you receive it?"

Clara—"From my physician."

#### Another View of It.

Burglars entered the house of a north side physician the other night, and meeting a friend on his way downtown the next morning he said:

"I say, Black, did you hear about my robbery last night?"

"No, doctor," replied Black, "Whom did you rob?"

#### Disclosing a Secret.

"Does your sister ever talk about me?" asked the enamored youth of his best girl's small brother.

"You bet she does," replied the youngster. "I heard her tell ma the other day that if your shoes had rockers on them they would make good cradles."

#### The Effect.

Ida—"I see less people have been killed by football this year than ever before."

May—"For goodness' sake, don't let the players overhear you. They would feel ashamed and start in to break the record for brutality."

#### Wisdom of Experience.

Singleton—"I wish you were eligible for membership in our bachelor club, old man. You have no idea of what you are missing."

Wedged—"Oh, yes, I have. I count the change in my pocket every night and morning."

#### Not an Ornament.

Myer—"Is it true that Miss Oldham has just inherited half a million?"

Gyer—"It is; and she will need every cent of it in her business."

Myer—"What is her business?"

Gyer—"Looking for a husband."

#### The Way of Women.

Nell—"But you must never mention what I have just told you."

Bess—"Why, is it a secret?"

Nell—"Oh, no; but—"

Bess—"Then it isn't worth repeating."

#### Crop Report.

"Say," queried Farmer Hayrix, "what d'ow they raise in them thar roof gardens down tew th' city?"

"Peaches, uncle," replied the city-bred young man.

#### Vital Question.

He—"You are truly the first girl I ever loved."

She—"That isn't the point. Are you sure I will be the last?"